



10c

MAY
NO. 14

HOUSE of MYSTERY

THAT DOLL-- IT
LOOKS EXACTLY
LIKE *ME*! THAT
MEANS I'M DOOMED
TO DIE LIKE THE
OTHERS!



Featuring

THE DEADLY
DOLLSI HIRED
A GHOSTMELODY
OF DEATHCRIMES of the
BLACK CAT

1000

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DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, THE BLACK CAT HAS BEEN AN OMBRE OF MISFORTUNE TO SOCIETY. BUT WHEN A KILLER JOINS WITH THIS ANIMAL OF BAD LUCK IN A PARTNERSHIP OF EVIL... THE FELINE CREATURE BECOMES A SYMBOL OF GOOD LUCK... AND NO POWER ON EARTH CAN PREVENT...

The CRIMES of the BLACK CAT



COME TO LIFE... MY PETT COME TO LIFE NO SAVE ME FROM THE GALLOWS! WA, HA, HA!

MEET EDDIE SEVEN... LOCAL OVERLORD OF CRIME... A MAN WHO HOLDS A STRANGE SECRET IN THE OLD, DARK RECESSES OF HIS TRUSTED MIND...

A REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL THEFT... ALMOST \$10,000! AA, DAMASCUS... WITHOUT YOU TO BRING ME SUCH GOOD LUCK, I NEVER COULD HAVE DONE THE JOB PROPERLY!

THE FOOL... THINKING HIS UGLY BLACK CAT HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH OUR GOOD FORTUNE! SURE... THAT RIDICULOUS CREATURE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!



DRINK UP... DRINK UP MY HORLE DAMASCUS! AA-HH... THAT'S IT!

EDDIE MUST BE STRIPPING HIS GEAR! IMAGINE, THINKING THAT BLACK CATS A GOOD

LUCK CHARM! COULD BE... BUT SO FAR, WE'RE DOING ALL RIGHT! LET HIM BE CRAZY!



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HOUSE OF MYSTERY



CAN A BLACK CAT ACTUALLY BE A SYMBOL OF GOOD LUCK? CRIMINAL JOE PALMER CAN ONLY SEE FORBIDDEN EVIL IN THE CREATURE'S EYES.

"YOU MONSTER! YOU'D LIKE TO SCRATCH MY HEART OUT, WOULDN'T YOU? OH, NOW I'D LIKE TO PUT A BULLET BETWEEN YOUR DEVILISH EYES!"



AND LATER, AS EDDIE WORKS A JOB ALONE...

PATIENCE, MY PRETTY DAMASCUS! SOON MY WORK SHALL BE OVER, AND YOU CAN RETURN TO YOUR NICE WARM BED BEHIND THE STOVE!



SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? PUT YOUR HANDS...
YAAAAAH!



POW!

HOW?

OH-H-H... MY FACE!

HA, HA... NICE GONG, DAMASCUS! THE POOR DEVIL DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM! AGAIN YOU HAVE PROTECTED ME, MY FRIEND!



THUS DOES THE BOND OF SINISTER DEVOTION GROW STRONGER AND STRONGER BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST WITH EACH SUCCEEDING CRIME...

THE COPS! THEY SHOT UP ANDY ON OUR POST OFFICE JOB! N-HE'S DEAD!

IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME! HE SCOFFED AT MY DAMASCUS... HIS LUCK COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE LASTED! AND NOW, I'M GOING TO PLACE OUR WEEK'S "TAKE" IN THE HIDING PLACE!



NOW COME YOU'RE SO TOUCHY ABOUT ME GOING WITH YOU TO STASH THAT LOOT? YOU'VE TOLD ME WHERE YOU KEEP IT... SO WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO HIDE?

I'M JUST AFRAID YOUR PRESENCE THERE MIGHT JINK IT, PALMER! DAMASCUS AND I WILL BEST DO THE JOB ALONE - SEE YOU LATER!



BUT IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, EDDIE SEVEN'S STRANGE GOOD LUCK CHARM APPEARS TO WIELD ITS MAGICAL POWERS EVERYWHERE...

IN-THE GUARDS GOT JOEY!

TOUGH... IT COULD HAVE BEEN ME IF I DIDN'T HAVE DAMASCUS ALONG TO PROTECT ME!



BANG



HOUSE OF MYSTERY



THERE SEEMS NO END TO THE SUPERSTITIOUS CRIMINAL'S GOOD FORTUNE, BUT SEVERAL EVENINGS LATER...

LISTEN...COPS! WE MUST'VE TRIPPED AN ALARM! MAKE A RUN FOR IT, SEVEN!

WH-WHERE'S DAMASCUS? I CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT HIM, PALMER... IT WOULD MEAN FORFEITING THE LUCK HE'S BROUGHT ME!



TERROR GRIPS EDDIE SEVEN AS HE SEARCHES FRantically FOR HIS COMPANION OF GOOD FORTUNE... TILL FINALLY...

WHY? 3500? WHY HAVE YOU DONE THIS TO ME, DAMASCUS? I'M DOOMED WITHOUT YOU... 3500-3000?

GREAT SCOTT... IT'S EDDIE SEVEN! WATCH HOW YOU HANDLE HIM, FRED. SOUNDS LIKE HE'S GONE OFF HIS ROCKER!



LISTEN TO ME, OFFICERS... I HAVE LOTS OF MONEY! I DON'T WANT YOU TO SET ME FREE... ALL I WANT IS MY CAT! HE'S THE ONLY THING THAT CAN SAVE ME FROM HANGING! YOU MUST FIND HIM FOR ME... I'LL PAY ANYTHING YOU ASK!

WE DON'T NEED YOUR MONEY, SEVEN! BESIDES, EVEN IF WE CAUGHT THAT CAT OF YOURS, THE JUDGE WOULDN'T ALLOW IT IN COURT!



ALL EFFORTS TO RETRIEVE DAMASCUS PROVE FUTILE... AND JUSTICE COMES SWIFTLY TO THE SUPERSTITIOUS KILLER...

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE, YOUR HONOR!

IDIOTS! THE CURSE OF THE BLACK CAT UPON YOU ALL! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME, HEATHS... HA, HA... MY DAMASCUS WILL SEEK YOU OUT ONE BY ONE, AND WREAK HIS VENGEANCE... HA, HA, HA, HA!



CONFINE THAT MAN TO HIS CELL AT ONCE!

THAT BEARDED JUROR WITH THE GLASSES... I-I SEEM TO KNOW HIM FROM SOMEWHERE! SOMETHING HE'S DOING MAKES HIM SEEM SO FAMILIAR!



FATE IS STRANGE INDEED... FOR THE ONE TRUTH IN EDDIE SEVEN'S LIFE WHICH CAN SAVE HIM FROM THE GALLOW'S IS THE ONE FACT WHICH HE CANNOT PROVE...

THIS IS A REPRIEVE IN MY HAND, SEVEN! I'VE THE AUTHORITY TO ENFORCE IT IF YOU GIVE US THE REAL IDENTITY OF YOUR CRIME ACCOMPLICE!

I TOLD YOU IN COURT... I KNEW HIM ONLY AS JOE PALMER! IT... MUST HAVE BEEN AN ALIAS!

THAT MAN WITH THE BEARD... THE WAY HE TUGGED AT HIS EAR... WAIT A MINUTE! NOW I REMEMBER...



AND AS THE GALLOW'S TRAP SPRINGS OPEN...

W-WAIT! MY PARTNER! THE BEARDED MAN ON THE JURY!

CONFOUND IT! THE ONE MAN WHO COULD TESTIFY AGAINST HIS PARTNER... AND HE'S DEAD! BUT WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT BY THOSE LAST WORDS OF HIS?

TOO LATE, WARDEN!





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



SEVERAL NIGHTS AFTER EDDIE SEVEN'S EXECUTION, AS MRS. JUDITH WHITE, ONE OF THE JURORS AT HIS TRIAL, RETURNS HOME...

GOOD GRIEF! WHAT ON EARTH... A CAT! A BLACK CAT!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER?



MUST GET AWAY... MUST...

LADY! LOOK OUT... THAT CAR!

EEEEEEK!

SCREECH

AND NEXT EVENING, AS STILL ANOTHER JUROR WALKS THE STREETS...

YAAA!

GREAT SCOTT! HE TRIPPED OVER A LIVE WIRE!

AND--AND THERE'S A BLACK CAT RIGHT BEHIND HIM!



COINCIDENCE? PERHAPS... BUT WHAT OF THE THIRD JUROR, STANDING ON A SUBWAY PLATFORM THE FOLLOWING MORNING?

A...A BLACK CAT! I--I'M NEXT TO BE DOOMED BY THE CURSE! MY HEART... AAAH!

LOOK! IT'S STRUCK AGAIN!

LEMMIE OUTTA HERE!



BUT THERE IS ONE JUROR WHO HAS NO FEAR OF THE CURSE... A HEAVILY BEARDED MAN WEARING GLASSES... CONCEALING HIS TRUE IDENTITY OF... JOE PALMER...

THE FOOLS... WHAT NON-SENSE! EDDIE'S STUPID CURSE CERTAINLY PUT A SCARE INTO THEM ALL! HA, HA... WHAT A CHARACTER!



SUDDENLY, AS THE SOFT, OMNIPOUS SOUND OF PADDLED PARS REACHES HIS EARS...

MUH? DAMASCUS? BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS... IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!



I'LL PROVE IT! A SLUG IN THE RIGHT SPOT WILL PUNCH A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR EVIL HEART!





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



YES... A BULLET CAN STOP ANY LIVING THING, CAN'T IT, JOE?
BUT WHEN YOU FIRE AT A CAT...

F-FOUR SHOTS AND...
IT'S STILL ALIVE!
MUST GET OUT OF
HERE... THIS
CREATURE'S A
CLAWED
DEMON!



5-IT'S AFTER ME... THE CAT WILL
GET ME LIKE IT DID THE OTHERS!
EDDIE SEVER'S CURSE... IT WAS
ON THE LEVEL!



1-I CAN'T ESCAPE THE DEVIL!
3-BUT WAIT... CATS CAN'T TAKE A
TRAIN OR PLANE! I'LL BLOW
TOWN... HA, HA, HA... THAT'S
WHAT I'LL DO!



BUT FIRST I HAVE TO
GET THAT HIDDEN
LOOT! CAN'T RISK
LEAVING IT HERE...
HA, HA, HA... BECAUSE
I DON'T INTEND
COMING BACK!



STRICKEN WITH PANIC, JOE PALMER RUSHES DOWN
THE CITY'S ALLEYS AND OVER FENCES IN HIS
RACE AGAINST THE CURSE...TILL FINALLY...



BUT ABRUPTLY...

YUHH!

MY HAND... IT FEELS
AS IF IT'S BEEN...
CLAWED! B-BUT
HOW...?

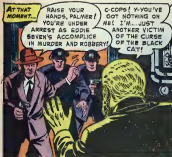


DAMASCUS! YOU EVIL FIEND... GET
AWAY FROM ME! I'LL NOT BE A VICTIM
OF YOUR UGLY CURSE!





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



AT THAT MOMENT...

RAISE YOUR HANDS, PALMER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST AS EDDIE SEVEN'S ACCOMPLICE IN MURDER AND ROBBERY!

O-COPS! Y-YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME! I'M...JUST ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE CURSE OF THE BLACK CAT!

THERE IS NO CURSE OF THE BLACK CAT, JOE! WE STAGED IT ALL TO FORCE YOU INTO THE OPEN... MAKE YOU REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE HIDDEN MONEY, THEREBY CONDEMNING YOURSELF!

BUT THE DEATHS OF THOSE THREE JURORS... WHEN THEY SAW DAMASCUS!



THEY WERE ALL PROFESSIONAL STUNTEXPERTS, MADE UP TO LOOK LIKE THE REAL JURORS! AND THAT WASN'T SEVEN'S CAT THEY SAW, BUT A STAND-IN CIRCUS ANIMAL NAMED TRIxie! THOSE BULLETS YOU FIRED AT HIM WERE BLANKS WE PLACED IN YOUR GUN!

APPARENTLY, YOU LIVED TWO LIVES, PALMER... EDDIE KNEW YOU ONLY AS A CLEAN-SHAVEN CROOK... YOUR NEIGHBORS KNEW YOU AS A RESPECTABLE BEARDED MAN! IRONICALLY, YOU WERE CHOSEN FOR THE VERY JURY THAT SENT EDDIE TO HIS DEATH... BUT HABITS DON'T CHANGE... AND EDDIE TIPPED US OFF IN HIS DYING WORDS ABOUT YOU!



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HERE'S THE MAZE OF MIRRORS, PUD!

YOU'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THE MAZE IN 10 MINUTES!

SHUCKS! I'LL FIND MY WAY THROUGH IN FIVE!

I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A ROLLER COASTER RIDE IF YOU DO!

BEFORE I GO, HERE'S SOME DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM FOR EVERYBODY!

THANKS, PUD! WE'LL HAVE FUN WHILE YOU'RE GONE!

PUD'S BEEN GONE 3 MINUTES ALREADY!

HE'LL BE LUCKY TO FIND HIS WAY OUT AT ALL!

LET'S GO TO THE ROLLER COASTER!

YOU MADE IT WITH ONE MINUTE TO SPARE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HOW'D YOU DO IT SO FAST?

EASY! I JUST LISTENED TO ALL OF YOU POPPING YOUR DUBBLE BUBBLE!

AND YOU FOLLOWED AT THE REAR DUBBLE BUBBLE!

WORKS EVERY TIME!

FLEET'S DUBBLE BUBBLE IS REAL BUBBLE GUM!

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HAVE FUN WITH GUM!

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STRANGE FEARS!

AMONG OLD TIME SAILORS, IT WAS CONSIDERED UNLUCKY TO HAVE DOGS ON BOARD, WHILE CATS WERE REGARDED AS ASSURING FAVORABLE WINDS AND PREVENTING SHIPWRECKS!

IN CALM WEATHER, SAILORS WHISTLED HOPING TO RAISE A WIND, BUT IN A GALE THEY NEITHER WHISTLED NOR ALLOWED OTHERS TO DO SO, FOR THEY FELT THAT THIS WOULD BRING ON A DISASTROUS STORM!

THE HOUSEWIFE OF YEARS AGO NEVER SWEEP THE FLOORS AT NIGHT BECAUSE SHE FELT THAT THIS WOULD BRING BAD LUCK!

THIS WAS BASED ON THE FANTASTIC SUPERSTITION THAT SUCH SWEEPING DISTURBED THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT AT NIGHT!



BELLS *And* NOISES!

SINCE ANCIENT DAYS, THE RINGING OF BELLS HAS BEEN THE METHOD USED TO ANNOUNCE DEATHS!



THE PRACTICE OF RINGING BELLS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE SIGNIFIED NOT SO MUCH THE GREETING OF THE NEW YEAR AS THE TOLLING THE DEATH OF THE OLD!



PRIMITIVE PEOPLES TOLLED BELLS WHEN SOMEONE DIED TO KEEP HIS SPIRIT FROM EXERCISING AN EVIL INFLUENCE ON THE LIVING!



SAVAGES HAVE ALWAYS USED NOISES AS A MEANS OF CELEBRATION, EACH NOISE-MAKER HAVING ITS OWN SYMBOLIC PURPOSE FOR KEEPING CERTAIN SPIRITS AT BAY!



SUPERSTITIOUS ANCIENTS CLIMBED THE ROOFS OF THEIR HOUSES ON NEW YEAR'S EVE LITERALLY EXPECTING TO SEE THE NEW YEAR ARRIVE IN SOME PHENOMENAL FORM!



TODAY, OF THE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS WHO THRONG TIMES SQUARE TO CELEBRATE NEW YEAR'S EVE, FEW IF ANY, KNOW THE ORIGIN OF THIS ANCIENT CUSTOM!



HOUSE OF MYSTERY



THEY HAD PROFANED THE 2000 YEAR-OLD HYMN TO ANUBIS, ANCIENT EGYPT'S IMMORTAL CONDUCTOR OF THE DEAD! WHAT ELSE SHOULD DRAW THE VENGEFUL DEITY ACROSS TIME'S VAST ABYSS TO CONDUCT THEM, TOO, THROUGH THE ORISLY CADENCES OF...

The MELODY OF DEATH



BENND THE COUNTER, ALEX BRESKA LOOKED LIKE ANY ONE OF THE ANONYMOUS PROPRIETORS OF THE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF NASH JOINTS IN THE COUNTRY...

COFFER, ALEX... AND A DANISH... IF IT'S FRESH!

EVERYTHING'S GOT TO BE FRESH TODAY. WITH FOOD, FRESHNESS MAKES SENSE!

BUT, FOLKS TODAY... THEY WANT EVERY-THING FRESH... BRAND NEW... WHETHER IT'S ART OR BOOKS OR MUSIC! HA... IF THESE NOVELTY-SEEKERS WERE TO TURN INSTEAD TO THE 'TREASURES OF THE ANCIENTS'... HOW THEIR LIFE WOULD BE ENRICHED!

SOME TALK FROM A WASH JOINT OWNER! SOMEBODY I'M GONNA RAID THAT BACK ROOM OF YOURS AND FIND OUT WHAT BLACK DEVILRY KEEPS YOUR LIGHTS BURNING 'TIL 4 O'CLOCK EVERY MORNING!

HA! MYSTERIES INDEED! YOU'D BE SURPRISED, OFFICER CASEY!





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



FOR IN THAT BACK ROOM AFTER CLOSING HOURS, A TRANSFORMED ALEX BRESKA WORKS AMONG YELLOWED PARCHEMENTS TO RESURRECT ON AN ANTIQUATED LYRE THE SILENT MELODIES ONCE SACRED TO THE PRIESTS OF ANUBIS, ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GOD OF THE DEAD...

AH... WHAT MODERN MELODY CAN COMPARE WITH THIS, WHICH SUBTLY DRAWS A MAN FROM THE DAY'S MANIFOLD CARES INTO DREAM-LIKE UNION WITH THE ONE ALL-EMBRACING?



BUT ON THE FLOOR ABOVE, A CONTRARY OPINION IS HELD BY ALEX'S NEIGHBORS... ULTRA MODERN BE-BOPPERS KNOWN AS "THE HOT STRING TRIO"...

LET'S CARRY IT, MAN! THIS LITTLE MELODY SURE IS GONE!

DIG THOSE MOURNFUL ICKY NOTES COMING FROM DOWNSTAIRS! LET'S SEND THAT LONG-HAIR OUT OF THIS WORLD AGAIN WITH SOME FAST BEAT, BOP!



SWEAR IT, MAN... SWEAR IT!

HOLD THAT CEILING DOWN! I'M TICKING!

THE BEASTS! THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN! TAUNTING ME WITH THEIR VILE TRAVESTY OF MUSIC! I'VE HAD NO PEACE SINCE THEY'VE MOVED IN! AND SOON... THEY'LL BE TRAMPING DOWN HERE AS USUAL TO MAKE ME OPEN UP TO FEED THEM!



BUT THEY SHALL NOT LONG GO ON WITH THEIR CRUDE WAYS, MAKING A MOCK OF THE SACRED MYTHS OF THE ANCIENT GOD OF DEATH! I SWEAR IT, O ANUBIS! WITH YOUR AID, THEY SHALL THIS VERY NIGHT BE YOURS!



AND PRESENTLY, AS THEY DID EVERY NIGHT AFTER PRACTICE, ALEX HEARD THE TRIO POUNDING AT THE DOOR OF HIS RESTAURANT...

OPEN UP, MAN! WE'RE HUNGRY AND THIRSTY!

APPRECIATE US, MAN! REWARD US WITH FOOD AND DRINK FOR THAT SIMPLY GONE BOP WE POURED SO GENEROUSLY INTO YOUR ICKY EARS!





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



REWARD THEM, INDEED! HA! THEIR REWARD IS OF THEIR OWN MAKING! THROUGH THEIR OWN TAUNTS, THEY SHALL LURE THEMSELVES INTO THE VENGEFUL ARMS OF THE OUTRAGED GOD!



DID YOU HEAR HIM? NOT MUSICIANS, HE SAYS! PRODUCE SOME OF THOSE ICKY SCORES YOU ALWAYS PLAY... AND WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO SWING THEM!



HE'LL NEVER BELIEVE US UNLESS WE GO BACK INTO HIS ROOM AND TAKE THE SCORES! COME ON!

YOU FOOLS! GRASP NOT THE SPOKES OF THE SPINNING WHEEL! INVOKE NOT THE CURSE OF THE GOD BY DEALING HIS HYMN WITH YOUR RAUCOUS INSTRUMENTS

HA-HA! THAT ALEX... HE'S A REAL FRANTIC CAT WITH THAT SPOOK JIVE!



THEY BEGAN DERIDING ALEX WITH THE SAME OLD JOKE THEY ALWAYS USED AS HE STARTED TO FILL THE WATER PITCHER...

ICE CUBES! THAT'S THE ONLY USE WE GOT FOR SQUARES, MAN! TO COOL THE SWEAT AFTER A JAM SESSION! HA, HA!

POOR FOOLS! YOU'RE JUST NOT CAPABLE OF APPRECIATING THE BEAUTY OF MY MUSIC! YOU'D HAVE TO BE MUSICIANS FOR THAT!



OVER ALEX'S PROTESTS, THE LAUGHING TRIO FORCED THEIR WAY IN AFTER ONE HAD GONE TO FETCH THEIR INSTRUMENTS FROM UPSTAIRS...

HERE'S HIS CRAZY SONG, MAN! LET'S PUT SOME LIFE IN IT SO IT'S REALLY GONE!



NO--NO! I TRANSLATED THAT MYSELF FROM THE SACRED TEMPLE PARCHMENTS! DON'T PROFANE IT! I WARN YOU!

AND THEN, IGNORING THE WARNING, THEY RIPPED INTO THE ANCIENT MELODY, TURNING THE ANCIENT MEASURES INTO THE WILD, FRENZIED CAPICES OF POP...



CARRY IT, MAN! TAKE THE FIRST BOLD!



HOUSE OF MYSTERY



THE FIRST VIOLINIST TOOK UP THE SOLD FROM THE OTHERS... LUNGING INTO IT WITH A VIOLENT DOWNBOW WHEN... SUDDENLY...



L-LOOK! W-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM? M-MY FINGERS... CAN'T GET HOLD OF THE STRINGS...



HE---HE'S TURNING INTO A MUMMY! HORRIBLE... HORRIBLE! IT'S THE CURSE! I WARNED YOU!



YOU LIE! YOU CAN'T LAY THAT CURSE JIVE ON US! IT... IT'S A TRICK! BESIDES... N-NOTHING HAPPENED TO US. WE'RE STILL-- HA... LOOK AT YOURSELF! YOU FOOL! THE CURSE HAS GOT YOU, TOO!



M-MY HANDS...! A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A...



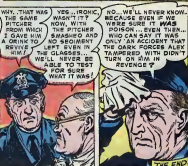


HOUSE OF MYSTERY





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



SUPERMAN

A DATE
WITH
JUDY

BOB
HOPE

MARTIN
AND
LEWIS

BATMAN

BUZZY

GANG
BUSTERS

MR.
DISTRICT
ATTORNEY

BINKY

TOMAWK

HERE'S
HOWIE



PETER
PORKCHOPS

REAL
SCREEN

WORLD'S
FINEST

FOX
AND
CROW

BIG
TOWN

OUR
ARMY
at WAR

MYSTERY
IN
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The LINE of STARS

—AND THIS SYMBOL
ON THE COVER OF
ANY COMICS
MAGAZINE
IS **YOUR** GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN COMICS READING!

THE TREE of DEATH!

THE TREE OF EDGEWELL, A FAMOUS OAK TREE, ON THE GROUNDS OF DALHOUSIE CASTLE NEAR EDINBURGH, WAS ALLEGED TO BE MYSTICALLY CONNECTED TO THE LIVES OF THE DALHOUSIES WHO PLANTED IT!



PLANTED MANY YEARS AGO, WHEN THE FIRST EARL OF DALHOUSIE WAS BORN, THE TREE SOON GAINED A REPUTATION FOR FOREBODDING DEATHS IN THE DALHOUSIE CLAN! OFTEN, A BROKEN BRANCH OR A LIGHTNING-SCARRED TRUNK WAS FOLLOWED, STRANGELY ENOUGH, BY THE DEATH OF SOME MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD!



HOWEVER, WITH THE YEARS THE SUPERSTITION CAME TO BE IGNORED... AND EVEN SCOFFED AT BY THE FAMILY'S DESCENDANTS! ONE DAY, NOT LONG AGO, AN OLD GARDENER ON THE ESTATE WAS STARTLED TO SEE A LARGE LIMB FALL TO THE GROUND, WITHOUT ANY APPARENT CAUSE! "THE EARL IS DEAD," HE SCREAMED!



PEOPLE THOUGHT THE OLD FELLOW A BIT DAFT, BUT WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THE CASTLE, THEY WERE MET BY TRAGIC NEWS... FOX MAULE, THE 11TH EARL OF DALHOUSIE, HAD DIED AT THE VERY INSTANT THAT THE LIMB FELL OFF THE TREE!



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BE SURE TO GET THE LATEST ISSUE OF THE ADVENTURES OF Dean MARTIN and Jerry LEWIS TODAY!





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



"I Hired a GHOST!"

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GHOST OR TWO TO MAKE YOUR PARTY A SCREAMING SUCCESS! AND YOU CAN RENT THEM, YOU KNOW, LIKE TUXEDOS FOR A FORMAL AFFAIR! I ADMIT, THEY'RE RATHER EXPENSIVE—BUT THE MACABRE MONSTROSITY THAT I HIRED FOR MY PARTY WAS WILLING TO CHARGE ME A FLAT RATE FOR HIS SATANICAL SERVICES... *My life!*

HEY—TAKE IT EASY! YOU'RE JUST SUPPOSED TO BE ACTING!

ACTING? PERHAPS THE OTHERS ARE ACTORS, MY FRIEND, BUT NOT I!



IF YOU'VE READ THE SOCIETY PAGES AT ALL, YOU'VE NO DOUBT COME ACROSS MY NAME... JASON HAWLEY, RETIRED MILLIONAIRE! RICH OLD MEN LIKE ME ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SOMEWHAT ECCENTRIC... AND AS YOU READ THIS STORY YOU'LL PROBABLY DECIDE I'M NO EXCEPTION...

IT ALL BEGAN IN MY PALATIAL MANSION IN FOX HILLS, TOWARD THE END OF OCTOBER. I WAS ENTERTAINING AN OLD FRIEND, ROGER BRADSHAW...

I'M THINKING, ROGER, THAT I'D LIKE TO DO SOMETHING EXTRA SPECIAL FOR MY ANNUAL HALLOWE'EN PARTY NEXT WEEK.

I ENVY YOU, JASON... ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD TO GRATIFY YOUR SLIGHTEST WISH.

YES, ROGER—I LOVE TO SHOCK MY FRIENDS, PARTICULARLY WITH SUPER-NATURAL ILLUSIONS.

AND WHAT KIND OF A PARTY DO YOU HAVE IN MIND THIS YEAR?



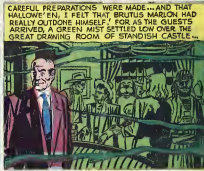
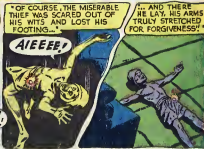


HOUSE OF MYSTERY





HOUSE OF MYSTERY





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



AND SUDDENLY, TO MY UTTER ASTONISHMENT...

I AM THE SPIRIT OF THE GOD SHANDAR! FROM THOUSANDS OF LEAGUES DISTANT, I HAVE COME IN SEARCH OF ONE WHO DESECRATES MY MASTER!

WHENE I--I DONT KNOW HOW MARLON FOUND OUT ABOUT THE MOONSTONE, BUT IT'S A WONDERFUL TOUCH! LOOK AT MY GUESTS! THEY'RE SCARED STIFF!



RETURN THE MOONSTONE TO ITS PROPER PLACE, OR YOU TOO WILL DROP TO YOUR DOOM...

AND IN DEATH YOU WILL STRETCH OUT YOUR ARMS FOR FORGIVENESS!

HA, HA... VERY GOOD! VERY GOOD!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, I WANTED TO TELL MARLON WHAT AN EXCELLENT JOB HE HAD DONE--BUT WHEN I GOT HIS OFFICE ON THE PHONE...

THIS IS JASON HAWLEY SPEAKING! MAY I SPEAK WITH MR. MARLON, PLEASE?

IF YOU'RE CALLING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT HIS NOT SHOWING UP LAST NIGHT, MR. HAWLEY, THE REASON IS... HE WAS KILLED IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT ON HIS WAY TO THE CASTLE!



EH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HE DID PUT THE PARTY ON! HE DID, I TELL YOU!

SORRY, SIR... BUT YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, GOODBYE!



QUICKLY, I GRABBED THE MORNING PAPER WHICH WEEMS HAD JUST BROUGHT IN. THE HEADLINE SEEMED TO BLARE OUT AT ME!

TH-THEN HE D-DID DIE! B-BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GHOST PARTY? ...AND THE CURSE OF SHANDAR? WHAT ABOUT THEM?



STUNNED, UNABLE TO COLLECT MY SCATTERED THOUGHTS, I FOUND MYSELF STARING AT THE SAFE WHICH HELD THE MOONSTONE...

IS IT POSSIBLE? CAN SUCH WEIRD THINGS REALLY HAPPEN? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, I CAN'T--!





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



AT LENGTH, THAT EVENING, I COULD NO LONGER CONTAIN MYSELF. I HAD TO KNOW... AND SO, OPENING THE SAFE...

I MUST BE A FOOL FALLING FOR SUCH GIBBERISH. I'VE NEVER BELIEVED IN SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA, AND I WON'T START NOW! GO AHEAD, SHANDAR—LET'S SEE HOW MUCH EVIL POWER YOU HAVE. GO AHEAD.



AT THAT INSTANT, I HEARD A SHUFFLING SOUND BEHIND ME— AND WHIRLING ABOUT, I SAW IT...

THE CREATURE. THE SAME ONE WHO APPEARED LAST NIGHT.



DEFIER OF THE CURSE OF SHANDAR, SOON YOU WILL DROP TO YOUR DOOM... AND IN DEATH YOU WILL STRETCH OUT YOUR ARMS FOR FORGIVENESS.



NO! NO! KEEP AWAY, KEEP AWAY.

A BLIND, NAMELESS TERROR GRIPPING ME, I FLED UP THE STAIRCASE. MY SCREAMS STICKING IN MY THROAT AND THE LOATHESOME CREATURE HOT ON MY HEELS...



HELP! WEEMS! HELP!

BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL I REACHED THE BALCONY THAT I REALIZED WITH NUMBING HORROR, THAT I HAD FLED HEADLONG INTO THE FATE PRESCRIBED BY THE CURSE.

DROP TO MY DOOM, HE SAID! THE CURSE IT--ITS BEGINNING TO T-TAKE EFFECT!



UTTERING A CRY OF ANGUISHED DESPAIR, I WURLED THE ACCURSED MOONSTONE AT THE CREATURE, STRIKING IT FULL IN THE CHEST...



HERE! TAKE IT! IT'S YOURS NOW.

WHAT--? I AM SLIPPING!

I STARED UNBELIEVING AS THE MONSTER LOST ITS FOOTING.



HOUSE OF MYSTERY



THE CREATURE LAY MOTIONLESS ON THE FLOOR!...TREMBLING, I CREEPT DOWN THE STAIRCASE... BUT WHEN I REACHED ITS SIDE...



WHY, IT'S WEEMS... MY MAN SERVANT! I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WH-WHAT'S THIS LETTER STICKING OUT OF HIS ROBE?

GREAT SCOTT! IT WAS WRITTEN BY SOME PEOPLE WHO TRIED TO BUY THE MOONSTONE, OFFERING HIM \$10,000 IF HE COULD FRIGHTEN ME INTO RETURNING IT TO THAT MALAYAN TEMPLE! BUT...WHAT ABOUT MARLON? WAS HE IN ON THE PLOT, TOO?



MY QUESTION WAS ANSWERED BY A PHONE CALL, SHORTLY AFTERWARD...



I THINK YOU WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW, MR. HAWLEY, THAT THE POLICE SAY MR. MARLON'S CAR WAS TAMPERED WITH! HE WAS **DELIBERATELY MURDERED!**

YES... AND I BELIEVE I CAN TELL THEM WHO THE MURDERER IS... OR WAS!

IT WAS THEN THAT I BECAME AWARE OF THE PECULIAR POSITION OF WEEMS' BODY-- AND THE WORDS OF THE CURSE WERE RECALLED TO ME...

I GAVE YOU THE MOONSTONE, WEEMS... AND...AND YOU DROPPED TO YOUR DOOM--AND IN DEATH, YOUR ARMS STRETCHED OUT! H-HAS THE CURSE ACTUALLY BEEN FULFILLED?



THE END

SUPERMAN IS ON TELEVISION!

Yes,
AMERICA'S FAVORITE ADVENTURE CHARACTER COMES RIGHT INTO YOUR HOME IN **THRILLING LIVE ACTION!**

WATCH FOR LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THIS GREAT NEW SHOW FOR ALL THE FAMILY!



HAUNTED HAPPENINGS

Although Seemingly Supernatural Events
Occur Every Day, Explanations
Can Follow All of Them



ACTUALLY, very few people really believe in the existence of ghosts, or in the powers of the supernatural. The vast majority insists that there is a logical explanation for everything, no matter how weird or inexplicable it may seem.

Just the same, the mystics never say die—and seemingly supernatural events occur every day to keep alive their faith.

For instance, in Montgomery, Wales, 200 years ago, a man by the name of John Newton, was hanged for robbery. But Newton swore his innocence to the very end, and when he heard his doom pronounced by the presiding magistrate, he cried out:

"As proof of my innocence, grass will never grow on my grave!"

The spring following Newton's hanging, the citizens of Montgomery were a little uneasy discovering that the ground over Newton's grave was completely bare of grass.

Then and there, they resolved that it would never happen again. That same fall, the ground was cultivated and seeded. But, next spring, not a blade came up out of the ground.

Now, remember, Newton's hanging took place 200 years ago, but to this day, no grass has grown over his grave, although the people of Montgomery make it a ritual every year not only to re-seed Newton's grave, but to replace the bare earth with new sod.

The Montgomerians, as you can see, persist in not believing in the power of Newton's curse. Still, how explain it? Can you?

Then, there is the story of a fishing boat that seemed to possess some rather gentle human traits. The name of the boat was the *Sea Lion*, and its owner was Capt. Martin Olsen, who was one of Puget Sound's first salmon fishermen.

When Capt. Olsen, after a long and successful career, decided to retire, he hadn't the heart to sell the boat that had served him so long and so well. Instead, he beached the *Sea Lion* on a sandpit called Point Monroe, just across Puget Sound from Seattle.

In the 10 years that followed, Capt. Olsen would often sit on the deck of the *Sea Lion*, lost in thoughts of his former, more active years. Meanwhile, the *Sea Lion* was settling deeper and deeper into the sandpit.

Then, one day, Capt. Olsen died. And that very day the *Sea Lion* unaccountably floated off from the sandpit. Witnesses reported that no sudden wind, or storm caused the boat to take off—nor was the tide high enough to do it.

And if that wasn't strange enough, what happened next, certainly was. The *Sea Lion*, as if directed by some hidden or unseen force, drifted around the bay until the day of the captain's burial in the cemetery on Bainbridge Island.

You can imagine the astonished surprise of the mourners who came to pay Capt. Olsen their last respects, when, turning, they saw the *Sea Lion* drift up on the Island beach, as close to the grave as possible.

Finally, after the funeral, the *Sea Lion* once again drifted off—and curiosity seekers found it back on the sandspit where Capt. Olsen had originally placed it.

Can you figure out a logical explanation for the *Sea Lion*? No one else has.

* * *

The villagers residing in the resort hamlet of Wookey Hole, Somerset, England, would appreciate a logical explanation for their pesky Wookey Witch.

Not that the Wookey Witch is doing any damage, but ghosts have a tendency of discouraging vacationists from spending their holidays where "spirits roam." And since Wookey Hole's chief income is derived from vacationists, you can understand the villagers' chagrin at the return of a witch that was supposed to have been destroyed 1,000 years ago.

Yes—1,000 years ago, a spirit (a woman wearing a cap and a white apron) terrified the simple villagers of Wookey Hole, until a monk took charge, exorcizing the spirit. Exorcizing is supposed to work permanently, but the good monk must have slipped up somewhere, because the Wookey Witch is back, walking through walls, and materializing suddenly.

According to the *London Daily Express*, the witch so far has walked in only two cottages of the village, and as far as the the inhabitants are concerned, she's welcome to them. For no one will sleep in the cottages alone.

* * *

Here is one final seemingly unexplainable incident for you to try to solve by logical reasoning.

An interne in a French hospital, making his rounds in the charity ward one night, suddenly heard someone reciting, in a broken, cracked voice, the verses of Homer's *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The diction was perfect.

This interne was quite a scholar himself,

having studied Greek, and he realized that whoever was reciting those verses must be a highly educated person. He sighed, "Ah, the wheel of fortune—that such a scholar should be lying in a charity ward!"

He approached the patient's bed—and recognized her instantly—an old scrubwoman, who could hardly write her own name!

"But," the interne gasped, "this is impossible! An ignorant woman, who can do nothing better than scrub floors, reciting Greek verses in the purest diction?"

The interne listened intently as the scrubwoman continued, telling the story of Helen and the wooden horse of Troy, of Ulysses and his voyage home. Impossible, indeed!

The interne called in other physicians, who listened, astonished. Then, with the help of the police, an investigation was made into the woman's past. They discovered that she had never once been inside a classroom, that she had not even studied her native language of French, let alone Greek!

And there the mystery stood for awhile. Can you account for it, without resorting to supernatural reasons? The mystics had a ready answer: a spirit was actually reciting the verses through the scrubwoman, using her as a medium.

Fortunately, in this particular case, we know the natural cause, and this is it.

Many years before the patient ended her wretched years in the charity ward, she had worked as a scrubwoman in a boarding house near the famed Sorbonne University.

One of the tenants happened to be a professor of Greek who had the habit of reading aloud from Homer at the time the scrubwoman was working in the hall outside his room.

Although the words were meaningless gibberish to the poor woman, the sounds, repeated again and again, seeped into her brain, and before long, she could quote whole passages of the deathless verse.

As we said in the beginning, there is a logical explanation for everything, if you happen to know where and how to find it.

—Jack E. Miller



HOUSE OF MYSTERY



BLACK MAGIC!

AUSTRALIAN BUSHMEN OFTEN RESORT TO A FEARSOME, DEADLY BLACK MAGIC KNOWN AS THE DEATH-BONE!

AT DUSK, TWO TRIBESMEN CONCEAL THEMSELVES AND WAIT FOR THEIR VICTIM! WHILE ONE CHANTS A BLOOD-CHILLING DEATH CHOE, THE OTHER POINTS THE DEATH-BONE AT THE UNSUSPECTING PASSERBY!

ATTACHED TO THE BONE IS A TUFT OF TWISTED HAIR WHICH FOR SOME REASON IS HELD AGAINST THE RIGHT HIP, MARKED AROUND THIS TUFT ARE RINGS WHICH DENOTE HOW LONG THE KILLING WILL TAKE!

THESE RINGS ARE SLOWLY BURNED OFF AS THE VICTIM GROWS WEAKER AND WEAKER! PHYSICIANS IN AUSTRALIA ARE WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE SYMPTOMS OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN "BONED" TO DEATH AND ARE USUALLY POWERLESS TO HELP!

SINCE THE POTENCY OF THIS FORM OF BLACK MAGIC IS ACKNOWLEDGED BY AUSTRALIAN AUTHORITIES, IT IS UNLAWFUL TO PRACTICE ANYTHING EVEN RESEMBLING IT!





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



ON A SIDE STREET OF A SUBURBAN TOWN WAS LOCATED THE FASCINATING LITTLE DOLL SHOP...SEEMINGLY AN INNOCENT AND PLEASANT WONDERLAND! BUT BEHIND THE FACADE OF FUN LURKED TERRIBLE, GRIM OBJECTS... AND UNANSWERED QUESTIONS ABOUT THE UNKNOWN! AND THE DOLL-MAKER, STRANGE LITTLE MAN...COULD HE ACTUALLY FORESEE DEATH? IF NOT, THEN WHAT POSSIBLE SOLUTION COULD LIE BEHIND...

The CASE of the DEADLY DOLLS



FROM ALL OVER TOWN PEOPLE CAME... DRAWN BY THE FASCINATING CREATIONS OF THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN WHO OWNED A TINY SHOP ON HINDSON STREET.

YOUR
DOLLS ARE
INDIGENOUS,
MR. COVER!

THANK YOU, MR. BELL!
YOU SEE, I USED TO BE
AN INVENTOR, AND I
COMBINED THAT ABILITY
WITH A TALENT FOR ART.
THE RESULT IS THIS...
DOLLS THAT CAN DO
MOST ANYTHING!



B-BUT WHAT IS THAT THAT COLL...IT'S BROKEN... IT SEEMS TO BE IN PAIN... AND IT LOOKS LIKE A NEIGHBOR OF MINE...MR. SPRING!

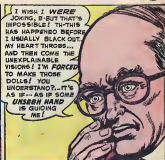
REALLY?
THAT IS
TERRIBLE!
I--I'M
SORRY!

WHY DID YOU
MAKE A DOLL
TO RESEMBLE
NINA,
MR. CONERT?





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



AN "UNSEEN HAND"? WAS THE BROKEN DOLL TRULY A PORTENT OF THE FUTURE?... OR WAS IT MERELY COINCIDENCE WHEN, SEVERAL HOURS LATER, A MAN NAMED HAROLD L. SPRING PLUMMETED TO HIS DEATH FROM AN EIGHTH STORY WINDOW?

THE DEATH WAS LISTED AS SUICIDE AND WAS SOON FORGOTTEN. BUT SOME WEEKS LATER, IN FRONT OF THE DOLL SHOP...



BACK AT HIS BANK, ADDISON TOOK NO CHANCES. HE MADE IMMEDIATE ARRANGEMENTS TO SPEND THE NIGHT COMPLETELY OUT OF HARM'S WAY...





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



NOTHING? THEN TO WHAT COULD THE FANTASTIC OCCURRENCE THAT TOOK PLACE THE FOLLOWING MORNING BE ATTRIBUTED?

GREAT GUYS!
HE'S DEAD... HANGING THERE...
DEAD! SOMETHING... OR
SOMEBODY... DID MANAGE
TO GET INTO THIS VAULT!



ANOTHER COINCIDENCE? HARDLY HAD THE TOWN RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK OF ADDISON'S UNEXPLAINABLE DEATH WHEN A MAN RUSHED INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AND...

LISTEN... YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! MY NAME'S DRYDEN... ROBERT DRYDEN!
THERE'S A DOLL-IMAGE OF MR. IN COVER'S DOLL-SHOP WINDOW... A DOLL-IMAGE WITH A KNIFE IN ITS BACK! I'LL DIE! THE DOLLS HAVE SAID SO!



NOT ONLY DOES THE DOLL LOOK LIKE ME, BUT IT'S DRESSED EXACTLY LIKE ME! IT EVEN HAS A TATTOO MARK ON ITS CHEST...JUST LIKE THIS!



LOOK WHAT HAPPENS TO SPRING AND ADDISON! THEY OIED, DIDN'T THEY? AND THEIR DOLL IMAGES WERE IN THE DOLL-SHOP WINDOW, TOO! NOW... I'M NEXT! YOU MUST PROTECT ME!



LOOK... I'M DETECTIVE FARRAGUT, MR. DRYDEN! YOU STAY RIGHT HERE, WHILE I GO TAKE A LOOK AT THAT DOLL SHOP! CLANCY, PUT MR. DRYDEN IN ONE OF OUR SOLITARY CELLS... WE'LL BE SAFE THERE!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT COVER'S SHOP...

I TELL YOU, MR. FARRAGUT, I DON'T EVEN KNOW THIS MAN DRYDEN! I NEVER SAW HIM...EXCEPT IN MY VISION!



VISION, EH? MUST'VE BEEN A GOOD CLEAR ONE! THAT DOLL'S FACE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE DRYDEN! LISTEN, COVER... OH... THE TELEPHONE! BETTER ANSWER IT!



THE PHONE CALL WAS FROM OFFICER CLANCY... AND THE STORY HE HAD TO TELL CAME IN HORRIFIED TONES...

DRYDEN'S DEAD, SIR! HE WAS IN THE CELL...THERE WERE NO WINDOWS... NO ENTRANCES OR EXITS, EXCEPT FOR THE DOOR...AND THREE POLICEMEN WERE OUTSIDE THAT DOOR! YET DRYDEN'S DEAD! THERE'S A KNIFE IN HIS BACK!



DRYDEN'S DEAD... JUST THE WAY YOUR ACCURSED DOLL FORESAW! ALL RIGHT, COVER...WHAT'S THE STORY? AND GIVE IT TO ME STRAIGHT!

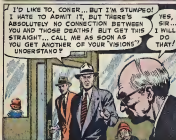
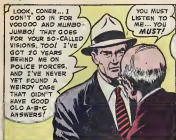


I TELL YOU, FARRAGUT, IT WAS THOSE VISIONS... THOSE TERRIBLE VISIONS...





HOUSE OF MYSTERY





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



CONER STAYED ON AT HIS SHOP THAT NIGHT, WORKING LATE... AND SHORTLY PAST MIDNIGHT, THERE WAS A KNOCK AT HIS DOOR...

YOU...YOU'RE MR. HOWLAND, AREN'T YOU?

YES! I HAD TO SEE YOU! MY SERVANTS HELPED ME ELUDE THE POLICE! I WANT TO PLAY BALL, CONER... I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK! HOW MUCH?

"HOW MUCH?" WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MR. HOWLAND?

I'M READY TO BE BOUGHT OFF! I'LL PAY YOUR PRICE! I'M A RICH MAN, MR. CONER... VERY RICH... AND I DON'T WANT TO DIE! HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT? I'LL PAY ANYTHING YOU ASK!



THERE IS NO PRICE, MR. HOWLAND! I COULD CHEAT YOU, YES... AND TAKE YOUR MONEY... BUT YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY BUY OFF FATE! I CAN'T ACCEPT ONE CENT, BECAUSE I CAN DO NOTHING! NOTHING!



JUST THEN... IT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. HOWLAND... YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR LIFE! IT NEVER WAS IN DANGER, WAS IT, CONER?



YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE PEOPLE WHO DIED, RIGHT? PRESUMABLY, YOU'D NEVER SEEN THEM BEFORE!

THAT'S CORRECT... AND I'LL STICK BY MY STORY! I SAW THEM ONLY IN MY VISIONS!

THEN YOU MUST HAVE X-RAY VISIONS, CONER! OTHERWISE, IF THE MEN YOU SAW WERE FULLY DRESSED, HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO PUT A TATTOO ON THE CHEST OF DRYDEN'S DOLL? YOU SEE, YOU OVERPLAYED YOUR PART... YOU WERE TOO PERFECT...

...AND THAT'S WHAT SET ME TO THINKING...AND CHECKING! WHAT I FOUND WAS A COMMON DENERMINATOR FOR THE MEN WHO DIED...THEY WERE ALL DOOMED PEOPLE WITH INCURABLE DISEASES!





HOUSE OF MYSTERY



"YOU MUST'VE GOTTEN THE HOSPITAL RECORD OF MANY SUCH PEOPLE, CONER! I'VE ALREADY TALKED TO A FEW OF THEM, AND THEY TOLD ME ABOUT THE CHOICE PROPOSITIONS YOU OFFERED THEM..."

YOU FOOL! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE ANYHOW, AREN'T YOU? YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED... BUT IF YOU KILL YOURSELF, IN THE EXACT MANNER I DESCRIBE, I'LL PAY YOU \$10,000 IN ADVANCE... MONEY TO PROVIDE FOR YOUR RELATIVES AFTER YOUR DEATH!

NO! NO! GO AWAY... YOU MUST BE CRAZY!

"BUT YOU DID MAKE A BARGAIN WITH THREE OF THEM... SPRING, ADDISON AND DRYDEN! PERHAPS DRYDEN WAS SHAVING WHEN YOU CALLED ON HIM... THAT'S HOW YOU SAW HIS TATTOO MARK..."

I GET IT... YOU WANT ME TO RUSH TO THE POLICE AND HAVE THEM LOCK ME UP! THEN I'M TO HOLD A KNIFE AGAINST THE WALL, ITS POINT OUTWARDS, AND KILL MYSELF BY BACKING INTO IT! EXCELLENT, SINCE I'M TO DIE ANYWAY, I'LL DO IT!

GOOD... AND HERE IS YOUR PAYMENT, \$10,000... IN CASH!

BUT... BUT I'M NOT ABOUT TO DIE... AND YOU SAID HE DIDN'T INTEND TO KILL ME! THEN WHY THE DOLL CURSE DEATH FOR ME?

OH, YES... I FORGOT THAT PART! SINCE THE MOTIVE WASN'T MONEY... WHICH CONER TURNED DOWN... I FIGURED IT WAS REVENGE!

LOOK CLOSELY AT MR. CONER. OR, USING HIS REAL NAME, **ALFRED STONER!** YOU AND HE WORKED TOGETHER, AS INVENTORS, IN AN UPSTATE PLANT 18 YEARS AGO... I'VE ALREADY CHECKED ON THAT!

AMAZING! HE IS STONER! YES... THAT IS RIGHT!

YOU BOTH GREW WEALTHY BY YOUR INVENTIONS UNTIL YOU SPLIT UP! THEN YOU, HOWLAND, GREW WEALTHIER AND FAMOUS... CONER DIDN'T!

HOWLAND **STOLE** MY INVENTIONS! I WANTED TO GET EVEN WITH HIM... I WANTED TO FILL THE REST OF HIS LIFE WITH TORMENT AND FEAR!



NO... I HADN'T PLANNED TO REALLY KILL YOU! I ONLY WANTED TO MAKE YOU **THINK** THE DOLL CURSE WOULD GET YOU! OH... HOW I WANTED TO SEE YOU SUFFER... AND SUFFER... AND SUFFER!

BUT I NEVER STOLE YOUR INVENTIONS! I SWEAR IT! I CAN PROVE IT BY INFALLIBLE DOCUMENTS!

BUT AS LONG AS CONER **THOUGHT** YOU STOLE THEM, HE SOUGHT A TERRIBLE REVENGE! I'M GLAD WE CAUGHT HIM IN TIME! ALSO, I HAD TO PROVE TO MYSELF THAT THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER WEIRD... **WITH A-B-C ANSWERS!**

YES... THANKS TO A TATTOO... A SIMPLE TATTOO!



THE END

YES PAL! IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can Become an All-Around, All-American HE-MAN Like We Did!

WE WERE SKINNY WRECKS Like YOU!

BEFORE

We Meant Coupen
YOU TOO CAN BECOME AN AMAZING NEW HE-MAN

If You Meant Coupen NOW
AFTER
We Meant Coupen
IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!
Mail Coupen Below

Hi SKINNY

—They used to say before I took the Jowett Course, I was run down, anemic, ashamed in a bathing suit. Now I have added 30 lbs. of steel-strong muscle—8" to my arms—10" to my chest. Jowett has given me a new body that is the envy of the neighborhood.

John B. Brown
Chicago, Ill.

SKINNY BEFORE



KEN IS NOW

a HEAD-TO-TOE HE-MAN as you can be seen



I gained 70 lbs of mighty muscle!

You can be me in a matter of weeks through Jowett's training. You can win a BIG SILVER TRUMPET as I did. I went from SKINNY, puny 50 lbs to this All-American HE-MAN. NOW it looks like I'll make the football team just like you can too.

Charles F. Cichol
Rochester, N. Y.

CLEVELAND BEFORE



Full of Pep and Power

GLEASON R. CLEVELAND AFTER

150-lb. He-Man Athletic, Popular, Self-A Success with Men and Girls!

In 10 Minutes of Fun A Day I Changed from a SKINNY WEAKLING to a MIGHTY MAN

I gained 48 lbs.—added 3" to my chest—3" to each arm. WITH ONE hand I can now lift overhead a boy weighing 145 pounds. Jowett gives you muscle quality as well as quantity. Mail the ALL-FREE Coupen below as I did.

JACKSON BEFORE



JOE JACKSON AFTER

90 Days!

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU CAN WIN \$100

AND A BIG 15" tall SILVER CUP!

Let me make YOU an ALL-AROUND

HE-MAN

as I made these former SKINNY and FLABBY WEAKLINGS

IN WHICH OF THE ABOVE GROUPS DOES YOUR BODY BELONG? The 3 skinny and flabby fellows on the top are the SAME fellows as the 3 MUSKIES on the bottom! YOUR PHOTO can soon belong to the HE-MAN GROUP...

TOO LAST CHANCE TO GET 5 FREE PICTURE-PAID COURSES

Williams Blue Beans Sold for 5¢ And More

How to Build a MIGHTY ARMS

How to Build a MIGHTY CHEST

How to Build a MIGHTY LEGS

How to Build a MIGHTY BACK

How to Build a MIGHTY GRIP

How to Build a MIGHTY HE-MAN

PLUS FREE

LAST CHANCE — ALL FREE COUPON!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

2. MUSCLE METR 3. FIVE COURSES

3. PHOTO BOOK OF STRONG MEN

3. PHOTO BOOK OF STRONG MEN

MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and tired as I and thousands of MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN were of being SKINNY OR FLABBY?

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did! Give me 10 Pleasant Minutes a Day and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are! If you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over, if you're short or tall, or what work you do, all I want is to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a weak to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an All-Around, All-American HE-MAN, a winner in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

Develop YOUR \$20 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

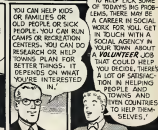
Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PRO-CREATIVE POWER!" the only method that builds you 5 ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like these champs did... LIKE HARRY THOUSANDS like you did SO...

Mail Coupen in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COUPON NO. _____

Bully gets tips on CHOOSING A PROFESSION!



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\$7.45

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Thom McAn

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